

"Not when the law of God forbids it, Ellen Maguire!" he said sternly. Not when duty, honour, fealty, the ties of home and kindred, and patriotism scold and scorn it. Not when even he, himself—

He paused, as if he had said too much, or dreaded to say further.

"Even he, himself!" she repeated, remembering her abandonment of the evening. "What else? Proceed! Say on what you were saying."

"No, not now. It is not necessary. But as one who would, for the sake of old times, befriend you—for the sake of early associations, do you a service—I, who have no personal interest in this world, to whom all interests that do not belong to God and Holy Church and Ireland, are banned and barred, would ask you to do this—put this love for the Puritan and the alien aside for one year; be true for that time to your brother's and kinsmen's cause and name—if his love be true, delay will but strengthen and purify it—and leave this city, and raise the people on your vast estates for Ireland, for freedom and Holy Church. I am but a humble minister of the Great God, who holds the destinies of the world in His hands, but I can promise you in return such happiness and blessings as He only can bestow."

He spoke with such rapt feeling, such look of inspiration was in his face, that for a moment she was carried away and believed that a halo was visible around his head. The lofty look of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, would have beseeemed a martyr at the stake.

"What would you have me do, Father Tully?" she asked, faintly.

"Do, Ellen? Do? What I have said. Leave here with the morning light. No one will question your departure. Your carriage will proceed unhindered. Remove the ban you have placed on your property—allow, encourage your people to join their brethren. Stand by the glory of your ancient name, your peerless blood, and your own honour. Will you do this?"

"I will," she said.

"Spoken like your old self, Ellen," he said, with more softness and kindness than he had yet spoken, and arising, "you are not going?"

"I must. I have trodden on dangerous and forbidden ground, as you know; and even a priest is not bound to offer up his life needlessly and uselessly. But for your sake I should not have ventured it at all. Good-bye; we shall meet in happier times."

He took the hand she proffered him, pressed it for a second in his own, and was gone.

For a time Ellen was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions. The appeal her old friend had made to her was very powerful, and she felt its intense energy and influence. But presently came the thought of Raymond Mordaunt and their plighted love. Forbidden and denounced by her friends—perhaps, with an uncontrolled girl's wilfulness, because it was forbidden—it had grown strong from the time it had been plighted. There was, too, something in Raymond's cold, determined, unflinching, resolute courage that excited the admiration of her softer nature; whilst the charming courtliness of his manner, his frank attention, the warm affection he showed to her above all others won her love.

If Raymond Mordaunt had turned up at this juncture it was more than possible he would have prevailed upon her, would have so won on her affection and love again as to cause her to depart from the promises she had just made.

But he did not come. The hours passed in slow but ceaseless uncontrol—and she waited up for his coming—the stirring and troublous character of the times had changed night into day in Dublin households—but he came not.

Was Raymond Mordaunt so careless of her love as not to come to see her after his absence? Was he so indifferent to her feelings as to care not whether or not he offended her? Was he so careless in paying the ordinary courtesies of society to one in her condition, setting aside altogether the claims and importunities of love?

What was Friar Tully about saying when he stopped? Certainly it was nothing favourable. Well, that did not matter much. He was always against him, worse even than her friends, his nature was so vigorous and impetuous. But had he any reason—he that knew everything and could do anything—for thus hesitating in what he was about to say. Was it that the knowledge would be too much to communicate to her ears. And, if so, what was it? Even if there were matters that were so pressing around him that even the claims of love went down before them, surely his sister might come with some message and word of love and tenderness from him.

Ellen Maguire was pained and mortally offended, and with all the torture of slighted love ranking in her breast, and as the long night faded and the cold grey dawn broke into the Eastern skies and descended slowly on the housetops, she had made up her mind to take the Friar's advice and seek her home in the West.

If she had only known what incidents were happening—had happened, in the marshes at the river's mouth—if she had but known the condition in which the half-senseless form of Carrie Mordaunt was borne by her lover towards the tall steers which, sentinel wise, Wicklow rears to the skies. If she had but known the wild and venturesome leap into the sea her expected lover had made, and his subsequent fate, she would have taken a vastly different course.

But she knew nothing of these things; and with a sense of pain and mortification which nothing could quell, and which brought the hot tears swelling into her aching and sleepless eyes, ordered her carriage to be ready, and ere yet the shadows of night were driven from their lurking places beneath the wide eaves and hoary arches of the city gateways, Lady Ellen Maguire was being swept along as fast as gallant horses could bear her to her home by the western sea, destined never again to walk its streets, or see its tall spires and steeples glittering in the sun, as she thought. But the threads of fate are strangely woven, and we often fly to that which we purpose avoiding.

(To be Continued)

ONE WOMAN'S NERVES.

LOOKING backward to a certain lonely and unhappy time, a lady says:—

"I dragged on on this miserable condition for years, until I got tired of doctoring and taking stuff that did me no good. One physician attended me for eighteen months, giving me but little relief.

"I slept only in a broken fashion, and arose in the morning very little the better for having gone to bed. There was often severe pain in my head and over my eyes, and an almost constant sense of sickness. The skin gradually got dry and yellow, the region of the stomach and bowels felt cold and dead, and the natural energy and warmth appeared to be ebbing out of me like the water out of a river at low tide.

"In Jun, 1889, whilst living at Moredown, Bournemouth, I had a worse attack than any I had before. I was taken with a feeling of cramp, as if pins and needles were running into me, all over my body. I could not move, and had to lie helpless in bed. The doctor was sent for, and attended me every day, but did not seem to know what to make of my case. In fact, he was puzzled, and finally said, 'I don't really know what your complaint is.'

"I trembled and shook and felt as if I should fall to pieces. I was first hot and then cold, and so dreadfully nervous I could not bear any one in the room with me, and yet I did not wish them far away in case I should call out for help. Every time one of these spasms came on I said to myself, I am sure I shall never get up again."

"I took nothing but liquid food, and yet could not retain even that on my stomach. By this time I was nothing but skin and bone. My legs went clammy, as if I had no blood left in me. My memory completely failed. I never expected to recover, and that was the opinion of my friends. After they had called to see me they would go away saying, 'She will never get better.' My head ached so dreadfully I thought I should lose my senses.

"I had given up a hope, when one day my friend Mrs. West, of Bournemouth, called and asked what I was taking. I said, 'Oh, I'm tired of taking things; it's no use; I shall die.' Then she told me she was once ill much as I was, and was cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll try it if you will send for it.' She did so, and I seemed to feel better on taking the first dose, and after three days I was able to walk across the room, and by the end of the week I went down stairs. Now I am well as ever. All my nervousness has left me, and I can eat and digest my food without feeling any distress.

"I want to say finally, that I knew about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and should have tried it years before if certain acquaintances hadn't said, 'Oh, don't take it, for it will do you no good.' They said that because it was advertised, not because they knew for themselves. It was bad advice for me, and cost me years of torture. From what I have said—which is but part of my story—the people may infer what I think of this remedy. I thank God that I did resort to it at last before it was too late." (Signed) Mrs. Jane Foster, Darracott Road, Pokesdown, Bournemouth, Hants. March, 1890.

It is only necessary to add that the malady from which Mrs. Foster suffered was indigestion, dyspepsia, and nervous prostration. Brought on originally by grief and shock at her husband's sudden and violent death, her system did not rally until Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup removed the torpor of the digestive organs, and thus enriched the blood and fed the nerves. It always has this effect in like cases. We can only regret that she foolishly procrastinated in the matter of using it. Her statement of facts may be relied upon, as the case has been thoroughly and impartially investigated.

SUICIDE AND INFIDELITY.

(New York Freeman's Journal, November 1,)

At the average stated in a recent cablegram, the total number of suicides in Paris for a year would come to some five hundred. It is a frightful record of depravity, and the mind naturally seeks to find the cause of it.

We unhesitatingly say that the cause is to be found in unbelief. No sane Christian would deliberately throw himself into hell; and that is the meaning of suicide. The Christian knows that this is a world of travail and sorrow, merely the rough pathway to his true home, and he bears his trials as he may, supported by the help he asks from on high. But when a man has persuaded himself that he has no soul, and has, as a consequence, exhausted all the springs of life and possesses only the bitter dregs, what more natural than that he should "make his exit even with a bare bodkin?"

Historically, we are borne out in this view. It was in the glittering phantasmagoria of the Pantheon world that Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopedists wrought out their infidel theories, whilst Jean Jacques complemented their infernal labours by spreading discontent with society as it is. There, as from some witch's caldron, rose the fumes of unbelief and restless envy which have intoxicated such multiudes to the present day.

In America, as in the European countries, we behold the same steady increase in suicides beyond the increase of population. We cannot so easily reach the broad cause here as in Paris; yet we may infer that unbelief is the spring of action. In nine cases out of ten of sane suicides, there are expressions or indications of unbelief in various stages. Suicide and superstition alike show the spread of unbelief. When men give up their faith, they are sure to fill the void with insane croakets like table-tapping, clairvoyance, etc., and mix with such practical devil-worship a ghastly stew of self-murder.

A miller at Oothcaloga, Ga., found the wheels in the mill clogged so that they would not work. After taking 360 pounds of eels out the wheels turned once more.